Hee made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.
Hot. Cooson, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speed, and fellow's souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you haue to doe.
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a Messenger.*
Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to treed on Kinges,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs.
Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*
Mess. My Lord prepare, the *King* comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best: and here draw I a Sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now esperance *Percy*, and set on,
Sound all the lostie instruments of Warre,
And by that musicke, let vs all imbrace,

For

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall,
A second time do such a curtesie.
Here they embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King enters with h
power, alarme to the Battell: then enter Dowglas, and S
Walter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name, that in Battell thus thou crosse
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?
Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the Battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dowg. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee, King *Harry*
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner.
Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will reuenge
Lord *Staffords* death.
They figt, Dowglas kils Blunt; then enters Hotspur.
Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I neuer had triumpht ouer a *Scot*.
Dowg. Als done, als won, here breathles lyes the King.
Hot. Where? *Dowg.* Heere.
Hot. This, *Dowglas*? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furnisht like the King himselfe.
Dowg. Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare,
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.
Dowg. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrope piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the King. *Hot.* Vp and aw
Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.
Alarme, enter Falstaffe solus.
Falst. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I fear
shot here, here's no scoring but vpon the pate. Soft, wh
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, here's no va